

Wednesday Night  
Feb. 5<sup>th</sup> 1896.

My own darling.

This letter is  
for the family to read  
& I thought they would  
be getting restless for  
me by about now.

I have written you  
all the items of news,  
in a cold stiff way,  
but you can read  
between the lines.

I have tea alone with  
you in the evenings  
as truly as though  
you were here. Dear one

You managed the  
 telegram episode  
 just right; My  
 dearest one, I have  
 never been ill in bed,  
 you imagined that.  
~~I wish to~~ I shall be all  
 right soon, but my mind  
 is easy. Your darling,  
 a tender loving goodnight  
 kiss from your own  
 Sunshine

On rereading the enclosed  
 letter I thought perhaps  
 you would not like everything  
 to read it - but I don't care -  
 do as you like.

February 5<sup>th</sup>. '96.

My Dear Clarence

Yours of Saturday and Sunday received this morning. By the same mail came a short line from Nanny and a long & pager from Elsie. You ask me to write you of my days and what they are filled with; That is not easy to do; because they are all so different.

I rise late, dress and get my little breakfast, and while I am eating it, the girl usually comes in with the mail, so you generally talk to me at breakfast, making what would otherwise be a rather lonely meal, quite the most



happy occasion of the day.

Then on Tuesdays & Fridays (at present) I take my lessons from Madame at half past ten, leaving home at ten. I walk

home except in very bad weather, from my lessons; It is a distance of about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles, taking in dinner at the boarding-house on the way (as Uncle Val says) dinner "en passant".

Then in the afternoon I practice & receive calls or make them, until it is time for tea, after which I go into Uncle Val's room to the family gathering, where we Amokee and tell stories and recount the incidents of the day

Then I come back to my own little world



Then I come back to my little nest and  
nest and make beds. Sometimes "the clan"  
consisting of Mrs Russell, Natalie, Mabel  
Pat, and I leave the room, Mrs Russell  
perhaps, gather in my room, and I turn  
them out when I get tired of them.

But this program is frequently broken  
up by Dickinson rehearsals, vocal imitations,  
of various sorts, - next Monday morning at  
ten o'clock, I am going to sing for Mrs.  
Taborance, my whole repertoire, all the  
Madison Lyndie Standard Theatre, I hope  
Madison will go with me, but if not, Mrs  
Taborance ~~and~~ Natalie will. Mrs Van



is coming up on Sunday  
afternoon! Tomorrow night  
is our Rubinstein Concert  
Mrs. Hulbirt and I are  
placed beside each other  
on the platform in the  
second row. I have just  
had a delightful call  
from a Miss Lathrop, who  
is a fine concert singer &  
speaks all languages. She  
invited me to go with her  
to the next meeting of the  
Manuscript Club a week  
from tomorrow night.

It is one of the first  
Musical Clubs of the city.  
composed entirely of composers  
who each in turn lead the  
orchestra and give their  
own compositions before they  
are published. It is so amusing  
say goodnight. Give my love  
to everybody - Faithfully Yours  
George Gustavus Hall



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Return  
169 St. Broadway  
New York City



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*[Faint, mostly illegible cursive handwriting covering the body of the envelope, possibly reading "My dear Sir" and "Yours truly"]*